

## The Third Side

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>by Slef<br>Star Wars Episode 1 / Stargate SG1 / Star Trek TNG crossover  
>Summary: Sequel to "Moment"... Close encounters of the Q kind?<br>Disclaimer: Star Trek and all related characters were created by Gene Roddenberry and  
>belong to Paramount.Stargate SG1 belong to MGM-UA Worldwide Television, Gekko Film Corp,<br>Glassner/Wright Double Secret Productions and Stargate SG-I Prod. Ltd.Partnership.  
>Star Wars is the property of George Lucas.<br>><br>Note: This is a sequel to my story "Moment". Read that one first, for this  
>to make a bit more sense :-)<br>><br>The Third Side  
><br>A crazy spin through chaos, and Daniel Jackson flew out of the Stargate and  
>fell with a sickening thud on the ramp leading to it. He instinctively<br>rolled himself into a ball as he hit, lessening the impact somewhat, and  
>came to rest at the foot of the ramp. The sound of his gasp as he hit<br>echoed through the surroundings.  
><br>"Oooph!"  
><br>Ominously quiet surroundings. Daniel cautiously opened his eyes to check on  
>the rest of the team. If he'd hit that hard, they could be hurt.<br>>Nobody in sight. Not Jack, irritated because Daniel was still lying there.<br>Not Sam, concerned because he hadn't gotten up. Not Teal'c, keeping a  
>watchful eye out for danger. Nobody.<br>>"Um... guys?" Daniel called tentatively. Again, his voice echoed<br>alarmingly. No response.

><br>Daniel got to his feet painfully, but a quick self-check revealed no broken bones or bleeding, just bruises. So he re-shouldered his pack and started<br>to explore his surroundings.

><br>He found himself inside a huge dark structure. The Stargate was mounted in the center of what seemed to be a dome. Radiating from there, six passages<br>led off into darkness. The central area was dimly lit from no discernable source.<br>

>Exploring the passages, Daniel found that each led straight to an empty<br>chamber. He could see no way out of the structure but the Gate.

><br>Which should have been good enough, except for one little snag: There was no dial-home-device.<br>

>Daniel sat down on the ramp and wondered why he always had to get into<br>these kind of messes.

><br> \* \* \*

><br>Back at SGC, Colonel Jack O'Neal turned on his heel and started across the gate room for his 37th crossing. He'd waited patiently for a while but his<br>strung-up nerves would not let him sit still for long. Pacing didn't help as he repeatedly went over the events of the morning, trying to find what<br>went wrong. Because Jack O'Neal couldn't face losing Daniel yet again.

>Believing him dead once was bad enough.<br>

>They'd assembled in the gate room at 07:00 for their mission to P3X422.<br>Preliminary probes had reported a hospitable climate and atmosphere, and no immediate threat (like the destruction of the ROV) was detected. What was<br>interesting from the images sent back was the presence of pyramid-like structures not far from the Gate, implying present or previous Goa'uld<br>occupation.

><br>So they were planning on sneaking through more or less quietly to find out what the status was. Daniel had been excited at the prospect of looking at<br>the pyramids, but he'd also been serious about the need to stay hidden.

>They'd tangled enough with the Goa'uld before not to underestimate them.<br>

>Still, everything seemed normal as they stepped into the Gate. O'Neal,<br>Teal'c and Daniel, with Carter bringing up the rear. The trip through the event horizon had been it's usual, gut-twisting self, and they stepped out<br>easily on the other side. O'Neal, Teal'c and Carter, bringing up the rear.

>No Daniel.<br>

>Searching revealed no trace of him, and anyway, they knew that matter<br>exited the Gate in the order it entered. Their search was cut short, in any case, when Teal'c warned of approaching Jaffa. Reasonably sure that Daniel<br>was nowhere near on P3X422, Jack had ordered them back through the Gate, hoping to find Daniel still at SGC for whatever reason.<br>

>He wasn't. And although Carter tried to come up with logical explanations,<br>it seemed that Daniel had somehow become lost between point A and point B

>and was presently either at point X (an unidentified spot in the universe)<br>or a small collection of inert gases. Jack could not shake the feeling that  
>they'd lost him for good this time.<br>  
>Which did not keep him from hoping that Daniel would dial himself home<br>shortly and step through the Gate against all expectations, again. The  
>archeologist did seem prone to strange adventures but always got through in<br>the end.  
><br>So, see-sawing between hope and pessimism, Jack O'Neal paced the gate room,  
>waiting.<br>  
> \* \* \* <br>  
>Another scout of the dome revealed nothing new. Daniel went back to the<br>Gate, where he'd left his pack. And sat down to heat up some food. The  
>structure contained nothing he could use, nothing to eat. Just bare,<br>uninscribed stone. After a few hours of fruitless searching and panic,  
>Daniel now found himself resignedly bored.<br>  
>So he opened his pack and checked his rations. Stretching it, there was<br>enough food to last him a week. The problem was water. He only had a  
>2-litre bottle. No way that would last as long, and there was no water to<br>be found anywhere in the dome.  
><br>Daniel held no illusions that Jack and the others would step through the  
>Gate to rescue him. They would have no clue of where he was (neither did<br>he) and the odds of hitting the right gate combination by chance were  
>negligible. Anyway, he had a suspicion that anyone who did come through,<br>would just end up trapped as well.  
><br>Strangely, the idea of dying in a few days, alone, did not bother him as  
>much as he thought it would. He knew he'd had a better life than most, with<br>opportunities to see and experience things no-one else had. Sure, Jack and  
>Sam also visited the worlds, but to him, seeing the living, breathing<br>ancient cultures, was the greatest gift he could imagine. Every planet he  
>visited either confirmed his life's work, or opened new vistas, different<br>horizons.  
><br>So yes, he did regret not getting to follow up on all the wonderful things,  
>but he couldn't complain about the hand he'd been dealt. He just hoped<br>Jack, Sam and Teal'c were ok.  
><br>A strange, bouncing sound suddenly echoed through the dome.

><br>"Boing!"  
><br>And a second later: "Boing!"  
><br>Daniel dropped everything and followed the sound. It sounded very much like  
>a plastic beach ball being bounced on stone. "Boing!"<br>

>Choosing a passage, Daniel stepped into a chamber. Standing nonchalantly<br>against one wall, a dark-haired man paused, gave Daniel a grin, and threw  
>the bright red and yellow beach ball he'd been bouncing straight at the<br>astounded archeologist.  
><br>Daniel caught it. The world went mad.

><br> \* \* \*

><br>Qui-Gon Jinn, former Jedi Knight, Keeper of Balance, embodied by the Force,

>had spent an infinity of hours or years, or perhaps a few moments, being<br>one with the Force and learning its currents; the dark whirlpools and the

>tranquil bays, always in movement. He traveled the universe in a thought,<br>and spent an eternity watching a flower grow somewhere on an unnamed

>planet. The universe was his to see, as long as he focused on the moment<br>and kept the Balance.

><br>He was thoroughly aware of both sides of the Force; the light, the dark.

>The good, the evil. His task was not to vanquish evil wherever it<br>flourished, but to ensure that the Balance was restored. If that meant

>aiding those striving for good, he was there to help. If it meant fighting<br>the evil, he fought. And left in an eye blink for the other side of the

>universe to aid someone there. Few could recall him after he left. He<br>seldom spoke to them.

><br>Because even though he felt lonely in his task, it hurt too much to leave

>after having made friends. He had to move so fast over so vast an area, he<br>doubted he'd ever see his friends again. So he lost himself in his task,

>never stopping to consider that his own anguish was slowly pushing the<br>Force out of kilter.

><br>But these last few... days... seconds?... a feeling had been growing in the

>Force. Something like an itch he couldn't scratch. Somewhere, something<br>very strange was taking place. Qui-Gon left the flowers growing and

>diffused through the void, following the itch.<br>

> \* \* \*<br>

>Daniel blinked as his eyes slowly focused on something close to his face.<br>After a few seconds he identified it. A baseball. On grass. Things slowly

>oriented themselves and he realized he was lying face down on, of all<br>things, a baseball field.

><br>"Come on, Daniel!" an irritated, and very familiar voice called. "It can't

>have hit you that hard."<br>

>Daniel pushed himself up until he was sitting and faced Jack, dressed in<br>baseball uniform and carrying a bat, striding up to him.

><br>"Jack?"

><br>Yeah, Jack." Jack answered. "What's your problem anyway? You were

>positioned right to catch it and then you just stood there and waited for<br>it to hit you on the head..."

><br>Daniel was shaking said head confusedly. He remembered nothing of this. The

>last thing, in fact, was the strange man throwing a beach ball at him.<br>

>"This can't be real," he muttered.<br>

>"What do you mean, real?" Jack asked as he pulled Daniel to his feet. "Are<br>you ok? You look a little pale."

><br>Daniel took in more of his surroundings. Not just a baseball field... a

>huge baseball stadium with thousands of empty seats. Spotlights making  
>night seem as day ... and Jack.  
><br>"We've never played ball before, Jack," he answered  
>distractedly. Something  
>just felt wrong. In his head, he could almost pinpoint a spot  
>where something messed with his brain. It reminded him of the time  
>Qui-Gon Jinn  
>saved them from the Sith Lord.<br>  
>Jack was regarding him curiously, looking a bit hurt. "You don't  
>remember,<br>Danny?"  
><br>Daniel faced him squarely. "No, I'm sure I don't. Who are you?"

><br>Jack just stared at him incredulously.  
><br>From far away Daniel became aware of a voice saying his name.

><br>"Daniel? Snap out of it. Come on, Jackson, I'm going to miss the  
>game."

><br>He grabbed hold of the sounds, and concentrating on that,  
>refocused his  
>eyes.<br>

>Back in the dome...and the event horizon in the Stargate was  
>throwing blue sparks of light all over. And Jack was trying to get  
>his attention.

><br>"Jack?" he asked, disbelieving.

><br>"Yeah, Jack." Jack answered. "What's your problem anyway? I come  
>here to

>rescue you and you just stand there and stare at me." He took Daniel  
>by the arm and pulled the archeologist to the Gate. "Never mind.  
>Let's get you

>home."<br>

>Daniel felt an uncanny sense of deja vu as Jack spoke, but he wanted  
>to get home. Just before they stepped into the Gate, he was struck  
>by something.

><br>"How did you know which combination to use?"

><br>Jack grinned at him "Pure genius, Danny boy!" And he pushed  
>Daniel into the

>Gate.<br>

> \* \* \*<br>

>Spinning, twisting, wildly flailing, accelerated beyond endurance,  
>crawling at a snail's pace, Daniel finally reached the other end.  
>Stepping out, he

>kept his balance only because he was looking at the ground. When he  
>did look up, he reeled in shock. No gate room. Not even a gate on  
>another

>planet. Just black nothingness with a lonely speck of light here and  
>there.<br>And a huge old oak tree growing in the void. Under the  
>tree, General

>Hammond was seated behind his desk, looking forbiddingly at a  
>confused Daniel.

><br>"Dr. Jackson," Hammond began. "It has come to my attention that  
>you've been

>partaking in hallucinatory drugs. I will not tolerate drug abuse in  
>my command. Can you explain yourself?"

><br>Daniel, who'd lost his breath at the accusation, was trying  
>desperately to

>think of something to say. How does one explain strange  
>hallucinations to a general sitting under an oak tree growing in  
>the void?

><br>"Ahh... General Hammond, sir," he stuttered, then got his  
>thoughts in a

>little more order. "Sir, if I really am using drugs, it's without my  
>knowledge. But this does explain the strange things I'm  
>seeing..." Before

>he could continue, Jack's voice interrupted.<br>

>"You bet your Bear's tickets it does!"<br>

>"What is it with baseball?" Daniel muttered. Nothing made any  
>sense<br>anymore. He was starting to disbelieve everything he saw,  
>not that that was

>a problem. If he truly was hallucinating, then logically he supposed  
>he was<br>in the infirmary, under restraint. Which probably meant  
>that he could just

>relax, go with the flow, and eventually it would all go away.<br>

>"Make believe in magic, make believe in dreams<br>

>make believe impossible, nothing as it seems<br>

>see touch taste they're all here<br>

>but never know if it's real..."<br>

>The singing faded with the scene leaving Daniel once again in the  
>dome.<br>There was an added feature, though. A table stood off to the  
>side, laden

>with food and drink. Daniel shrugged. Why not? So he ate his fill of  
>the<br>imaginary food, and fell asleep in the imaginary bed that had  
>materialized

>a short while later. If he dreamt, it was no stranger than the  
>waking dream<br>he'd been having.

><br> \* \* \*

><br>Qui-Gon willed himself into being at the place where the  
>disturbance in the

>Force was most intense. At first sight it didn't look like much. A  
>dark<br>dome with a Stargate mounted in the center. And sleeping on a  
>bed to the

>side...<br>

>Qui-Gon had seldom been so surprised to see anyone, though in  
>retrospect,<br>the Stargate should have prepared him for the sight of  
>Daniel Jackson

>sleeping without a care, in a stone dome floating in space, far  
>removed<br>from any planet.

><br>Concentrating, Qui-Gon sensed the disturbance again. It was  
>mobile, as if

>centered around a person, and Qui-Gon could have sworn it felt...  
>amused.<br>Not the usual feeling he got from the Dark Side, he  
>reflected as he settled

>down to wait for the sleeping man to wake.<br>

>Daniel woke hours later to find Qui-Gon Jinn sitting patiently next  
>to his<br>bed... still in the dome. In stead of the joyous greeting  
>Qui-Gon expected,

>Daniel groaned aloud and turned over to hide his face in the  
>pillows. Such<br>a wave of anguish came from him that Qui-Gon was at  
>his side in an instant.

><br>"What is wrong, my friend?" he asked the shuddering young man.

><br>Daniel's voice was muffled. "I thought it would be over by now."

><br>"Over?" Qui-Gon felt as if he'd missed part of this  
>conversation.

><br>Daniel sighed and sat up, facing the Jedi. "I've been having

>hallucinations... and I still am, you're proof of that," he  
>explained<br>patiently. "None of this is real. I'm hoping to just  
>wake up in the

>infirmary when whatever I've taken had worn off."<br>  
>Qui-Gon gripped his arm. "Daniel, this is real. I am real. It's  
no<br>hallucination."  
><br>Daniel smiled at him wanly. "Sure, Qui-Gon," he said, glancing  
around. "But  
>Jack in the ballpark and General Hammond under the tree looked just  
as real<br>as you... and you're dead, if I recall correctly."

><br>Qui-Gon nodded. "I understand. I can't prove to you what is real  
and what  
>is not. You have to decide for yourself. Just trust your instinct."  
He got<br>up and walked to the Gate. Turning, he spread his hands.  
"Remember I told  
>you about the Force? That there is a Light and a Dark Side?"<br>

>When Daniel nodded, he continued. "I can sense something different  
here.<br>Something is manipulating the Force to manifest all this.  
But it isn't  
>evil. It's strange, but I'm almost sure it's laughing at us."<br>

>Both of them were startled when faint singing drifted from one of  
the<br>passages.  
><br>"Row row row your boat gently down the stream  
><br>merrily merrily merrily merrily life is but a dream..."

><br>The singing became louder as the dark-haired man Daniel had seen  
before,  
>came into view. He stopped singing when he saw them.<br>  
>"The Jedi and the Archeologist!" he exclaimed. "What a sight! But  
of<br>course, it would never work. Neither of you is ever at home.  
Pity."  
><br>Qui-Gon regarded this being with curiosity. The disturbance he'd  
felt was  
>centered around this person, whatever he was. Daniel watched  
Qui-Gon's<br>reaction, sure that his own would make no difference in  
the outcome of this  
>meeting. He was surprised to find that he believed Qui-Gon's claim  
to<br>reality, but the Jedi had proved himself trustworthy before,  
and Daniel was  
>not the paranoid type in normal life.<br>  
>The dark-haired man looked around. "My, but it's dreary in here. How  
do you<br>stand it? Lights, please!"  
><br>The dome lit up on the inside with thousands of little lights,  
simulating  
>the night sky of a planet center-galaxy.<br>  
>A stage appeared, with their peculiar visitor - wearing tuxedo - in  
the<br>spotlight, wielding a microphone,  
><br>"You, sir!" he pointed at Qui-Gon. "Join us on the stage!"

><br>Qui-Gon, disoriented by the sudden change, and the accompanying  
wrench in  
>the Force, tried to refuse, but found himself up there anyway. This  
being<br>had enormous power.  
><br>"Ladies and Gentlemen," the man continued. "Tonight's show is  
very special.  
>We have only one contestant..." A spotlight fell on Daniel, seated  
behind a<br>counter, looking lost. "... and only one category... this  
man!" The  
>spotlight moved to Qui-Gon as thousands of voices suddenly cheered.  
Qui-Gon<br>tried to see into the dark beyond the stage and could just

make out an  
>impression of a huge crowd, avidly watching.<br>  
>"I am your host, Q," the man continued. "And I'm sure I need  
no<br>introduction. After all, I'm me!"  
><br>The crowd went wild.  
><br>Q took a bow, then gestured towards Qui-Gon. "Our goal tonight  
is to find  
>out what motivated Qui-Gon Jinn, here. Contestant! Do you have a  
question<br>for Mr. Jinn?"  
><br>Daniel sat there, caught unprepared, again. Qui-Gon took a step  
forward.  
><br>"We won't be part of your game," he told Q, sternly.  
><br>Q stopped dead, a thoughtful expression crossing his face.  
  
><br>"You're right! This is no game, it's a trial!"  
  
><br>Immediately the stage disappeared, to be replaced with a  
courtroom. Daniel  
>was seated on the witness stand and Qui-Gon sat on the side of the  
defense.<br>He had no lawyer present. Q managed to be prosecution,  
Judge and jury  
>simultaneously.<br>  
>Q the prosecutor faced Daniel. "Mr. Jackson, how would you describe  
the<br>defendant?"  
><br>"Um, honest... trustworthy... noble... " Daniel fished for  
concepts.  
><br>"Yes, yes," Q said impatiently. "Those are very good... but  
would you say  
>he's a people person?"<br>  
>Daniel glanced at Qui-Gon for support, but the Jedi merely  
shrugged,<br>content to wait and see what happened.  
><br>Daniel cleared his throat. "I don't know. I've only met him once  
before,  
>but he seems to be compassionate, if not outgoing."<br>  
>"Ah-ha!" Q the prosecutor exclaimed. "So he's a bit withdrawn, is  
that what<br>you're saying?"  
><br>"Well, I suppose his being dead is an impairment to social  
interaction,"  
>Daniel said sarcastically, suddenly fed up with the whole thing.  
"Who are<br>you to ask, anyway?"  
><br>Q looked hurt. "You've never heard of me? Q, The magnificent. Q,  
the  
>legendary. Q, the..."<br>  
>"Pain in the ass." Daniel supplied with a wicked grin. Qui-Gon  
chuckled.<br>Daniel was getting his spark back, it seemed.  
><br>Q, who'd been sputtering incoherently for a while, at last found  
his voice  
>again. "Ah, Jackson, you remind me of a friend I have ... or will  
have...<br>your human concept of linear time is so limiting!"  
  
><br>Suddenly Q the prosecutor was back in full force. "Which brings  
me to my  
>final argument. Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, can you believe  
that,<br>with all his powers, the defendant has never been back to  
check on his  
>apprentice?"<br>  
>A gasp echoed through the chamber, but it was Qui-Gon, on his feet.  
"How?<br>How can I do that?" For all that he knew this was a sham, he  
found himself  
>trying to explain anyway. "It's so long ago..."<br>



>"Silence!" Q the Judge intoned. "Has the jury reached its verdict?"<br>  
>"We have Your Honor," Q answered. "We, Q, find the defendant, Qui-Gon Jinn,<br>guilty of separating himself from his friends, thereby disturbing the  
>Balance."<br>  
>Qui-Gon sat down, shocked. It was true, he realized. He had enormous<br>influence in the Force, and his feelings did push the Force somewhere...  
>but not to the Dark Side, then where?<br>  
>Q the Judge pondered for a while. "Qui-Gon Jinn, you have a very important<br>role to fulfill, keeping the Force in balance. However, this does not imply  
>that you have no rights of your own. You should have inquired about the<br>benefits as well as the responsibilities when you accepted this  
>appointment."<br>  
>The jury nodded solemnly.<br>  
>Q the Judge continued. "You are entitled to free time, friends, social<br>interaction and unlimited travel, which includes time travel, I might add.  
>Qui-Gon Jinn, the Force has done without you for an eternity. It can do so<br>again while you take a rest." He cleared his throat. "I hereby sentence you  
>to three Earth months of vacation time. Spend it well."<br>  
>Three loud bangs and they faced Q, bouncing his beach ball.<br>  
  
>"Just who are you?" Qui-Gon asked, a bit rattled by the whole thing.<br>  
>"Can you feel the Force?" Q sang. "No? Well, I don't know why everybody<br>always says the Force has only two sides. Does it feel two-dimensional to  
>you?"<br>  
>"No," Qui-Gon mused. "I suppose it doesn't."<br>  
>"Oh, this is interesting!" Daniel erupted. "But what am I doing here? You<br>could have given him his vacation without messing up my life!" Qui-Gon and  
>Q both looked at him in astonishment. "I'm sorry, Qui-Gon," he said. "But<br>I'm just tired of being a game-piece here."  
><br>"Quite right," Q said brightly. "Daniel, you were the bait in the trap to  
>catch Qui-Gon, and you were oh, so entertaining!"<br>  
>Qui-Gon found himself growing very angry that his friend had been used so.<br>"You had no right to do that," he confronted Q. "What is your purpose?"  
><br>Q gave a dramatic sigh. "You have no idea what it's like to be omnipotent  
>and bored. Oh, heavy is the burden of being me!"<br>  
>"So you just grabbed me for entertainment? Your own private ant farm?"<br>Daniel asked, disgusted.  
><br>"More like a rat in a maze," Q informed him. "I am striving to understand  
>your species along the way, and your reactions are very revealing... and<br>funny," he added with a giggle.  
><br>Qui-Gon had a growing suspicion which side of the Force this being  
>personified. The mischievous side. "Is the experiment done now?" he asked.<br>"I'd like to go on my vacation and I'm sure Daniel would like to go home."  
><br>"Sure, sure." Q agreed. "I think I'll go visit my friend Picard

in a while.

>Just to get you two going... Qui-Gon, off to Obi-wan. Daniel to Earth.<br>Abra-ca-dabra. Zim-sala-bim, oh well, whatever!"

><br>Qui-Gon found himself standing in the hallway of the Jedi Temple, staring

>at a very familiar door.<br>

>Daniel stepped through the Stargate on P3X422 with Jack, Sam and Teal'c. A<br>few hundred meters away stood the pyramids that he wanted to study. A

>warning from Teal'c drew his attention to some Jaffa, and he heard Jack<br>ordering them back with the usual sense of disappointment.

><br>The ride through the Stargate was its normal, gut-twisting self, and he

>stepped out in the gate room, not understanding why he had a nagging<br>feeling that they'd find General Hammond sitting under a tree.

><br>Somewhere in space, Q chuckled, then spied the Enterprise coming... Oh,

>Picard would be so glad to see him again, he was sure of it.<br>

> The End.<br>

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><br>I don't own (or have any rights to) any of them. I don't profit from this

>and only wrote it for my own entertainment. In this I'm much like Q...<br>

>Special thanks to my alien friend, Clor, for being so patient. You can<br>never know how much I appreciate it.

><br>Also, thanks to the Klippe; you guys inspire me even when the subject

>matter doesn't include you.<br>

>And thanks to everyone who wrote and asked for a sequel to "Moment". This<br>would never have happened without you.

><br>

> <p><p>

End  
file.